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AN

ODE

Humbly Inſcrib'd to the

KING,

Occaſion'd by His MAJESTY's

Moſt Auſpicious

SUCCESSION and ARRIVAL.

Written in the Stanza and Meaſure of *SPENCER*.

By Mr. CROXALL, Author of the Two Original CANTO'S, &c.

Hic Vir; Hic eſt, Tibi Quem promitti ſæpius audis,
AUGUSTUS Cæſar *Divûm Genus; aurea condet*
Secula qui rurſus Latio, *regnata per Arva*
Saturno *quondam, ſuper &* Garamantas *&* Indos
Proferet Imperium.——————————Virg.

LONDON,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOTT at the *Croſs-Keys*, between the Two *Temple Gates* in *Fleetſtreet*. 1714.

A N

C D E

Humbly Inscribed to the

I C T I N I U S

Occasioned by His TRIAL

Mob Arbitrio

SUCCESSION and ARRIVAL.

By M. Clan[illegible] Author of the Two Original

CANTO's &c.

LONDON,

Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Cruſ-Keys

between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-ſtreet. 1714.

TO

The Right Honourable

Thomas Earl of Wharton,

Lord PRIVY SEAL.

MY LORD,

IT *is usual with Poets, under pretence of gaining a Protection for an indifferent Performance, to prefix to it the Name of some Person of Figure and Quality, who is perhaps the most capable of discerning its Faults, and Imperfections. But as it were a ridiculous Presumption to expect Approbation from such a One, of that which can't stand the Test with People of an inferiour Judgment; so, as I dare not believe* YOUR LORDSHIP *can altogether excuse the Errors in this Piece, neither can I hope the World will give it a more favourable Entertainment, from seeing an Epistle to* YOUR LORDSHIP *plac'd before it.*

The Nature of the following Ode, occasion'd by the Joy at this Time so redundant in the Heart of every True Briton,

threw me under a kind of Neceſſity of inſcribing it to the King. But when I conſider'd, from the wide Diſtance there is between his Sacred Majeſty, and one of the meaneſt of his Subjects, how difficult it would be to make known to His Majeſty my ſincere and humble Endeavours; I reſolv'd upon making my Application to ſome Noble Perſon of the higheſt Worth and Merit, who by having diſtinguiſh'd Himſelf moſt for the preſent happy Succeſſion, ſeem'd to ſtand the faireſt in his Prince's Favour. And in this View, My Lord, *it was impoſſible that any Body could be put in Competition with* Your Lordship; *where beſides, an uncommon Candour and Affability encourage us to approach You as a Patron; tho Your eminent Perfections and High Quality take away all Pretence for ſuch familiar Expectations. But I preſume to be ſo well acquainted with* Your Lordship's *Temper, as to know that the leaſt Endeavour to do Juſtice to Your Merit, by enlarging upon Your Character, would be diſagreeable: Neither need I attempt it, when the profligate Scribblers of late Times, employ'd by Their Country's and* Your Lordship's *Enemies, to traduce Your Noble Character, with that of the Greateſt General the World ever ſaw, have given You a real tho undeſign'd Panegyrick.*

I ſhall therefore detain Your Lordship *no longer from Matters of the greateſt Importance; hoping You will pardon the Liberty I have taken in uſing this firſt Opportunity of declaring to the World, that I am, to the utmoſt of my Endeavours,*

Your Lordship's

Moſt Obedient and

Moſt Humble Servant,

S. CROXALL.

AN ODE
Humbly Inſcrib'd to the
KING.

I.

NOW cou'd I wiſh for that fam'd golden Lyre,
Which *Orpheus* or *Amphion* tun'd of old;
Or that my Breaſt might glow with Sparks of Fire,
Such as in *Spencer*'s warmer Boſom roll'd,
When in ſweet Verſe, and lofty Numbers bold,
He ſung the Glories of *Eliza*'s Reign;
When his auſpicious Wings he dar'd unfold
In the fair Flight of an uncommon Strain,
And with his Monarch's Praiſes charm'd the liſt'ning Plain.

II.

No vulgar Aid I need; the Muſe no more
Shall maſk in borrow'd Lays her myſtick Song,
No Knight ſhall feign, no captive Nymph deplore,
Nor fright in magick Dreſs the rural Throng:
But on freſh Plumes, upborn with Vigour ſtrong,
Shall gratulate *Britannia*'s happy Iſle,
Who for her abſent Prince afflicted long,
Was made a Slave to State-deluding Guile,
Til Time unloos'd her Chains, and Freedom bid her ſmile.

III.

Kind and indulgent ſtill, Celeſtial *Jove*
For us his choiceſt Bleſſings does prepare,
Inſpires our jarring Souls with cordial Love,
And all our Wants ſupplies with early Care:
For ſoon as ANNA's faint declining Star
Fell in the Ocean deep of endleſs Night,
Behold! Great *GEORGE*, like *Phoſphor* from afar,
Deck'd with reſplendent Beams ariſes bright,
To chear th' expecting World with more prevailing Light.

IV.

Hail! mighty Prince; may that ſucceſsful Hour
In Time's fair Roll for ever Sacred ſtand,
Which made Thee Guardian of *Britannia*'s Pow'r,
And with her ample Scepter fill'd thy Hand.

May

May ſoften'd Rebels own thy juſt Command,
From utmoſt *Thule*'s rough tempeſtuous Shore,
To the wide Confines of the *Gallick* Strand ;
While injur'd States thy courteous Arm implore,
To quell Tyrannick Might, and broken Leagues reſtore.

V.

May thy Illuſtrious Stock, out-branching wide
Its goodly ſpreading Boughs, for ever grow ;
While its gay Bloſſoms, cloth'd with beauteous Pride,
On all beneath their fragrant Odours throw !
May laſting Streams of Life for ever flow
From Heav'n's clear Spring, and with their Waters pure
Deſcending, ſtill refreſh the Roots below !
While any Sprigs of that fair Plant endure,
Their ſecret Charms ſhall keep *Britannia*'s Realm ſecure.

VI.

When *Rome*, proud Miſtreſs of the vanquiſh'd Ball,
Had ſtretch'd her glorious Empire far and wide ;
Ev'n haughty Kings lay ſubject to her Thrall,
And diſtant Lands her Luxury ſupply'd :
Till her lewd Sons, fir'd with ambitious Pride,
Thro Party-Diſcords (cruel and ingrate)
Wounded their tender Mother's bleeding Side :
Then direful Treaſons ſhook the tott'ring State,
And crying Guilt call'd loud for ſome avenging Fate.

VII.

VII.

Til young *Auguſtus*, ſtor'd with ev'ry Grace,
The Joy and ſole Delight of Human Kind,
Guiding the troubled Helm, in little ſpace
Sav'd the weak Veſſel from the Waves and Wind:
Yet ſcarce cou'd *Rome* in her *Auguſtus* find
A nobler Prize than Heav'n's propitious Care
For *Albion*'s happy People has deſign'd;
For while a *GEORGE* the Sovereign Rule does bear,
Peace ſhall protect the Land, and Plenty crown the Year.

VIII.

No wonder why the Winter mildly paſt,
Nor why the genial Spring ſerene and clear;
Or that our Summer 'ſcap'd each Mildew Blaſt,
And with its Load bent down the bearded Ear:
The Stars foretold this happy Day was near,
They bid the Earth her richeſt Stores diſplay,
That *Ceres* might in ſeemly Dreſs appear;
They hung each Tree with purple Fruitage gay,
That each with various Kinds might ſtrew great *Cæſar*'s way.

IX.

For him bright *Phœbus* caſts a brighter Gleam,
And warms with kinder Heat the op'ning Bud;
The joyous Rivers roll an azure Stream,
And the chaſte Springs refine their dimpled Flood;

The

The Flocks that nibbling crop their verdant Food,
Along the peaceful Vales in Safety graze;
The merry-warbling Birds thro ev'ry Wood,
In louder Notes their trilling Voices raiſe,
And emulous, by turns the happy Seaſon praiſe.

X.

See! from *Jove*'s gilded Battlements on high,
His airy Meſſengers deſcending light,
With painted Pinions cleave the liquid Sky,
And to the Fav'rite Chief direct their Flight:
Some wreathe his Brow with Rays all beamy bright,
Some with ambroſial Fragrancies beſpread
His Royal Robes with gliſt'ring Glory dight;
Some with gold Circlets bind his ſacred Head,
And o'er his manly Form unuſual Graces ſhed.

XI.

Joyn'd to his lofty Carr, each gen'rous Steed,
Proud of his Charge, to *Albion*'s Wiſhes kind,
Bounds o'er *Germania*'s Fields with winged Speed;
Swift in their Courſe they leave the Clouds behind,
And that which drives the Clouds, the nimble Wind:
Onward they preſs, and eager in their Heat,
The maſſy Bit with foaming Fury grind;
Their reeking Sides bedew'd with frothy Sweat,
The hollow Plain reſounds beneath their trampling Feet.

XII.

Strait *Belgia's* friendly Provinces receive,
With loud Acclaims of Joy, the welcome Gueſt;
In Him they ſee Great WILLIAM's Virtues live,
Of ev'ry Regal Quality poſſeſt:
The thoughtful Brow, the firm intrepid Breaſt,
Stern Manhood mix'd with Pity's kind Allay,
To quaſh the Proud, to ſuccour the Diſtreſt,
And damp the Tyrant's Hopes with ſore Diſmay,
As the dark Shades of Night fly from approaching Day.

XIII.

Let *Albion* now and *Belgia* dry the Tears,
Which to that *Hero's* Memory they've paid;
Let no Alarms proceed from jealous Fears,
Nor let them more their adverſe Stars upbraid:
Kind Heav'n has here ſufficient Love diſplay'd;
Life, once transfix'd by Death's eternal Dart,
Flits to the gloomy Shades, nor can be ſtay'd:
Yet ſee! the Fates exert an equal Art, (Heart.
And animate Great *GEORGE* with more than WILLIAM's

XIV.

Her Anchors weighing, and unfurl'd her Sails,
His Navy next conducts the Godlike King,
Opens her Boſom to the Eaſtern Gales,
And with full Joy diſtends her Canvas Wing:

Blow

Blow ſoft, ye Gales; yet quick, O quickly bring
The precious Life committed to your Care;
Your ſweeteſt Airs ye gentle *Naiads* ſing,
While finny *Tritons* on their Shoulders bear
Britannia's Fleet, a moving Magazine of War.

XV.

Where-e'er her Keels divide the furrow'd Main,
She claims Submiſſion from the ſtubborn *Gall*,
Oft have her Thunders ſhook the Pow'r of *Spain*,
And made ſtout *Belgia*'s colour'd Standards fall:
Arm'd with the *Britiſh* Oak, his wooden Wall,
The vent'rous Merchant tempts the briny Deep;
See! as they ſail around the ſpacious Ball,
Now low they ſink, now mount on Billows ſteep,
And now with even Courſe the level Surface ſweep.

XVI.

Old Father *Neptune*, as in Times of Yore
He lay repos'd within his rocky Cell,
Saw Lightnings blaze, and heard loud Thunders roar,
Like thoſe by which the Earth-born Brethren fell;
When ſtrait his jealous Breaſt began to ſwell:
Does *Jove* (he cry'd) diſpute my lawful Sway,
Fix'd by eternal Fate? The Shades of Hell
By ſure Decree their grieſly King obey,
And *Jove* by Lot obtain'd the ſhining Realms of Day.

XVII.

XVII.

Up from his oozy Couch, the hoary Sire
Thus ſpeaking, harneſs'd quick his Sea-bred Team;
For now the raging Flames of wrathful Ire
Had rous'd him from his dull lethargick Dream:
So mounting upward thro the yielding Stream,
He gain'd the Summit of the Marble Main;
Which, gilded with the Light's reflecting Beam,
Shone all around like a ſmooth glaſſy Plain, (Train.
O'er which the Nymphs might glide, fair *Thetis* and her

XVIII.

Then glauncing round with haſte his greeniſh Eyes,
He finds the Ocean calm, the Skies all clear;
But plain the Cauſe of his Miſtake eſpies,
For, lo! *Britannia*'s ſtately Fleet was near:
Soon bluſh'd the God, deceiv'd with idle Fear,
Yet pleas'd to find in Men ſuch daring Skill,
Thrice he was ſeen his three-fork'd Mace to rear,
And thrice he bid the whiſp'ring Winds be ſtill,
While to his watry Crew he thus declar'd his Will.

XIX.

Since to this warlike People fierce and bold,
Great *Jove* has giv'n his Empire of the Land,
Nor I, thro Length of Days, infirm and old,
Can longer well the weight of Rule withſtand;

I yield

I yield my Pow'r to their more able Hand:
Let ev'ry River, as his Waters flow
O'er *Europe*'s Soil, or *India*'s burning Sand,
Bid diſtant Nations pay that Homage low
To fair *Britannia*'s Fleet, which they to *Neptune* owe.

XX.

From that bleſs'd Hour the *Britiſh* Squadrons roam
Free and untroubled o'er the ſpreading Seas,
To ſettle each contending Nation's Doom,
To guide the Scale of Juſtice as they pleaſe,
And fix the ſtriving World in endleſs Peace:
Neptune and *Jove* to thee, Great *GEORGE*, reſign
Their Pow'rs, retiring to inglorious Eaſe;
And while they careleſs ſit, 'tis only Thine
To moderate like Them, and with Their Luſtre ſhine.

XXI.

See! antient *Thames* with golden Turrets crown'd,
Expands in gentle Smiles his rugged Face,
His ſedgy Cloak with bending Oſiers bound;
The Silver Liquor from his earthen Vaſe
Forth-ruſhing freſh, comes trickling down apace:
Adown the ſhady Dales on either Side,
His ſportive Streams their winding Current trace;
Til fuller grown, with Boſom ſwelling wide,
He bears the Royal Bark on his returning Tide.

XXII.

The curious Youth croud thick upon the Shore,
And in Triumphal Shouts their Joy expreſs,
Their King with gladſom Jubilees adore,
And his dear Life with fondeſt Wiſhes bleſs;
In his, ſtill wiſhing their own Happineſs:
Each Virgin too with ſweet enchanting Song,
Her Look all gay, and feſtival her Dreſs,
Graces with ſprightly Charms the ruder Throng,
Teaching old *Thames* to carol as he floats along.

XXIII.

Now iſſuing forth upon the bord'ring Strand,
To fair *Auguſta*'s Gates he bends his way;
(Ever diſtinguiſh'd be the Spot of Land,
Recorded ever be the Solemn Day!)
See! as He moves, the Graces round him play,
And, to indulge the People's ſtrong Deſire,
Retard his Paſſage with a kind Delay;
That ev'ry longing *Briton* may inquire,
And with full Proſpect quench his Fancy's eager Fire.

XXIV.

And thou, bright Sun, whoſe ever-burning Light
From Heav'n's high Roof beheld the Cavalcade,
O *Phœbus*! help my bold advent'rous Flight,
And with thy Skill my weaker Numbers aid,

While

While by the Muſes Pencil are diſplay'd
The various Pomps of this Imperial Train ;
What beauteous Forms, how ſumptuouſly array'd,
With their Divine Appearance bleſs'd the Plain ;
Fit Sight high Gods as well as Men to entertain.

XXV.

Firſt, *Fame*, a lively Cherube, young and fair,
With golden Wings up-rais'd above her Head,
Her Silver Treſſes waving in the Air,
Her ſpotleſs Mantle by the *Zephyrs* ſpread,
In Order due the Company forth-led :
Her nimble Feet with ſilken Buskins bound,
Moving on Tip-toe ſcarcely ſeem'd to tread ;
And all the way a ſhrilling Trump ſhe wound,
Which eccho'd, as it flew, a ſweet melodious Sound.

XXVI.

In her Left Hand a Volume large was ſeen,
The Leaves imprinted all with figur'd Gold ;
Which did the Monuments and Virtues ſheen
Of celebrated Kings and Princes hold,
As in ſage Hiſtories they're whilom told :
Yet this ſame Pageant now ſo lovely bright,
To any fancy'd Shape herſelf cou'd mould,
And from an Angel of Celeſtial Light,
Become a lying Fiend of baleful helliſh Night.

XXVII.

XXVII.

Next, *Liberty*, kind Nymph, whoſe bliſsful Charms
Fill ev'ry mortal Breaſt with Joyance glad,
Who with her youthful Beauty gently warms
The frozen Heart thro Slavery grown ſad,
In a rich Velvet Robe came looſely clad.
The ſparkling Glories of her chearful Eye,
Baniſh'd Deſpair with all its Symptoms bad;
And fierce Tyrannick Pow'r, when ſhe came nigh,
Wou'd hang its drooping Creſt, and in Confuſion fly.

XXVIII.

An ample Flasket on her Head ſhe bore,
In which ſweet Flow'rs, ripe Fruits, and ev'ry Grain,
That ſprings from Earth, were pil'd in plenteous Store;
And as ſhe walk'd, ſhe ſhook with much Diſdain
The ruſty Reliques of a broken Chain:
Which lately finding on ſome Wretch enthrall'd,
She kindly rent the Iron Links in twain;
And to new Life the meagre Vaſſal call'd,
Healing his tender Limbs by the rough Shackles gaul'd.

XXIX.

In Rank with her advanc'd a Matron chaſte,
Array'd in pleated Robes all Lilly-white,
O'er which a Sable Pall was lightly caſt,
That flowing on the Ground depended quite,

And

And look'd a venerable ſeemly Sight:
Her decent Locks, in ſimple Plainneſs bound,
Were compaſs'd with a Mitre purely bright,
Which with enlivening Rays her Viſage crown'd,
And, as it ſhone, diſ-ſpred a ſplendid Gleam around.

XXX.

Each Hand a Signal of her Office ſhew'd,
And her mild Perſonage adorn'd and grac'd;
In one a Cup with precious Wine o'erflow'd,
Which ſhe to All extended as ſhe paſt,
Yet none compell'd perforce thereof to taſte:
In t'other, an huge Book well known to all,
Containing God's eternal Law, was plac'd,
Juſtly explain'd in Language ſeveral;
Whence Men the *True Religion* rightly did Her call.

XXXI.

There follow'd theſe an odd Fantaſtick Dame,
Deck'd in a Veſture of an uncouth Kind;
Which tho uncouth, her fairly well became:
Her Head a *Turkiſh* Turbant ſeem'd to bind,
Of Linen Cloth in many Folds entwin'd;
A gorgeous Stole of glitt'ring rich Brocade,
Purfled with Satten, trail'd along behind,
While a ſtrange *Indian* Fan ſhe wide diſplay'd,
From the Sun's ſcorching Beams her Forehead fair to ſhade.

XXXII.

Upon a Ram's ſoft woolly Back ſhe rode,
Whoſe tender Fleece the whiteſt Snow excel'd,
And in her ſpacious Lap out-ſpreading broad,
Ingots of Gold, and Silver Wedges held,
Which in two Heaps above her Boſom ſwell'd;
Her Boſom with rich Lace enfring'd around,
Brought from the ſounding Banks of *Rhine* or *Scheld*,
Did with bright Adamants and Pearls abound:
She *Commerce* was by Name, and far away renown'd.

XXXIII.

Next Her came *Juſtice*, like a lovely Maid,
Attir'd in Garments of a Scarlet Red;
Whoſe chearful Face of nothing ſeem'd afraid,
Yet Minds of guilty Men inſpir'd with Dread,
Whene'er ſhe turn'd about her aweful Head:
From the curs'd Time that *Saturn*'s Golden Reign
Was intermitted, to the Skies ſhe fled,
Spurning the baſer Earth with juſt Diſdain;
Yet now vouchſaf'd to bleſs the nether World again.

XXXIV.

A Golden Collar, wrought with curious Art,
Hung from her Neck adown her milky Breaſt,
On which a Gem, in Faſhion like a Heart,
Sparkling between her Ermine-border'd Veſt,

The

The Emblem of *Sincerity* expreſt:
A Silver Ballance in her Hand ſhe held,
Which try'd all Cauſes by its faithful Teſt,
And evermore a blazing Sword did wield
'Gainſt thoſe who to right Judgment did refuſe to yield.

XXXV.

With Her another march'd in equal Pace,
A Warrior Virgin clad in Armour bright;
A Virgin known by her Angelick Face,
But ſeemingly appear'd, in all Mens ſight,
By her Deportment ſome advent'rous Knight:
For ſhe was of a tall Heroick Frame,
Endu'd with Proweſs, and ſurpaſſing Might;
And her rebellious Foes cou'd ſhortly tame, (Name.
When They her Wrath provok'd; whence *Courage* was her

XXXVI.

Like as when *Pallas*, in compleat Array,
Fair-marching fiercely to the bloody Field,
With dauntleſs Mind expects the Martial Fray,
Advancing high her broad *Gorgonic* Shield;
Her Cornel Spear, with temper'd Metal ſteel'd,
She brandiſhes: mean while the Day's clear Light
Her poliſh'd Helmet does with Splendor gild;
Whoſe pointed Beams forth-darting ſhiny bright,
Empierce the Coward's Heart with Terror and Affright.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

Laſt came Dread *Majeſty*, moſt heav'nly Fair,
Rob'd like a pompous King in ſtately wiſe,
Whoſe Royal Veſtments, made of Subſtance rare,
Outſhone the Bluenels of the concave Skies;
O'er which bright Rubies, of invalu'd Price,
Beſprinkled thick like ſpangling Seeds of Fire,
Dazzled with ſtarry Luſtre all Mens Eyes,
And to far Diſtance forc'd them to retire;
That all its wondrous Virtue greatly did admire.

XXXVIII.

On Iv'ry Wheels his Chryſtal Chariot turn'd,
Whoſe radiant Spokes ſent forth a Silver Gleam;
With flaming Gold the fervid Axle burn'd,
And Adamantine Rays were ſeen to ſtream
Along the Harneſs of his dappled Team.
Enthron'd beſide him ſat a precious Load,
Fair Princely *Prudence*, Child of *Jove* Supreme,
Whoſe purpled Cheek with mild Reſentment glow'd,
And as ſhe ſpake, each Word in mingled Hony flow'd.

XXXIX.

Near theſe, as Guard, there march'd *Britannic* Pow'r,
In Scales of fulgent Armour clad around,
Whoſe Strength, all like the Bulwark of ſome Tow'r,
By mortal Arm impregnable was found:

His

His lofty Helm with creſted Plumes was crown'd,
His Right Hand brandiſh'd high a Sabre keen,
In his fierce Look ſtern Reſolution frown'd;
With Terror aw'd, the gazing Crowd, I ween,
In ſilence ſtill admir'd his huge Gigantick Mein.

XL.

He rode upon a Courſer ſtrong and bold,
Such as *Morocco* breeds, or *Araby*,
Richly capariſon'd in burniſh'd Gold,
With Boſſes garniſh'd on his Headſtall high:
Hard on his arched Neck the Reins did lie,
And drew his ſmoaky Noſtril to his Cheſt;
Swifter than any Shaft he elſe would fly,
And now with Foam reluctant bath'd his Breaſt,
Impatient of the Menage which his Heat repreſs'd.

XLI.

And all beſide them, as they mov'd along,
The tuneful Maids, that on *Parnaſſo* dwell,
With Harps new-ſtrung, rehears'd a grateful Song,
By *Phœbus* pen'd at the *Caſtalian* Well:
Some with nice Fingers touch the vocal Shell,
Some with ſoft Art their melting Voices raiſe,
And various Notes with dulcet Muſick ſwell;
While all with equal Skill unite their Lays, (Praiſe.
And in conſenting Numbers breathe Great *GEORGE's*

XLII.

Nor will Thou, Gracious Sovereign, refuſe,
Among the gaudy Garlands of the Day,
The humble Tribute of a grateful Muſe,
Who with her tender Boughs of budding Bay,
Such as ſhe cou'd, beſtrews her Monarch's Way:
Smit with her Country's Love ſhe quits the Plain,
Where ſhe was wont on Oaten Pipes to play,
And joining with the ſoft inſpired Train,
Proclaims her Prince's Virtues in a loftier Strain.

F I N I S.